

All Else Failed "Route 1"

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Kneel Down!

Want to get this over with..then stay down,avert my eyes,

Because if I say a word,i cut my own throat

This plague contaminated everything...You,I,no exceptions

We reptiles crawl,this bitter taste of dirt..Wont Last

We'll both FUCKIN STARVE

I admit. I give in.

Guilty.end discussion.

If we build this up,we can tear it back down!

In one breath,one single word,the wrong word,

Fucks everything back!

One man faces forward,as the other sits silent and still

We both lose.

One path,two directions,both end in seperation

We both lose,we both saw this coming

Three things,three seperate things

What we want,what we need an what we get

This is what we get

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